Air

(From the Misteries of Udolpho.)

Composed, and most Respectfully inscribed to

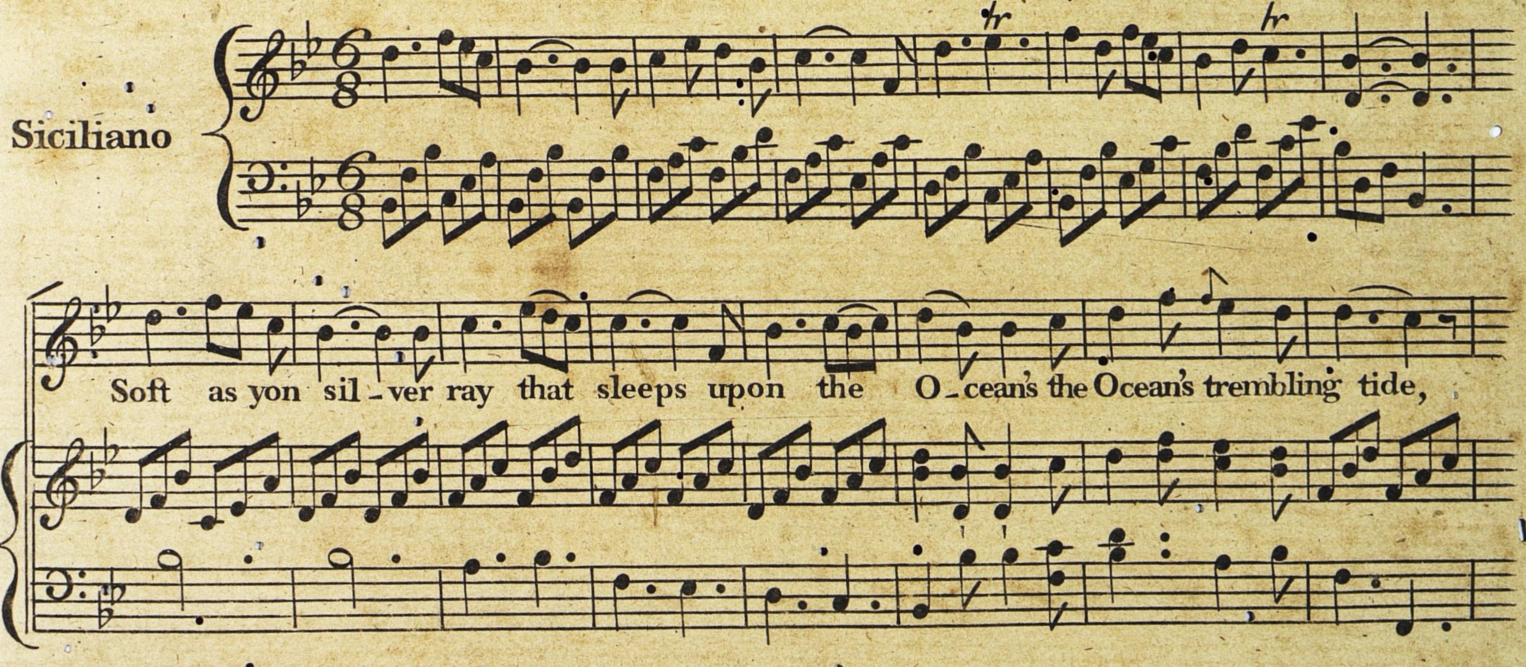
MISS M^c ARTHUR.

By JOHN PERCY.

N°. 4. Price 1^s.

In the cool of the Evening the Party embarked in Montoni's Gondola, &, rowed out upon the Sea. the red glow of Sun set still touched the waves, and lingered in the West, where the melancholy gleam seem'd slowly expiring, while the dark blue of the upper Aether began to twinkle with Stars. — Emily sat, given up to pensive and sweet emotions, the smoothneſs of the Water over which she glided, — its reflected Images, — a new Heaven and trembling Stars below the waves, with shadowy outlines of Towers, and Porticos, conspir'd with the stillneſs of the hour, interrupted only by the paſsing wave, or the notes of distant Music, to raise those emotions to enthusiasm. — As she listened to the measured sound of the Oars, and to the remote warblings that came in the breeze, her softened mind return'd to the memory of S^t. Aubert, and to Valencourt, and tears stole to her eyes. the rays of the Moon, strengthening, as the shadows deepened, soon after threw a silvery gleam upon her countenance, which was partly shaded by a thin black Veil, and touch'd it with inimitable softneſs. hers was the contour of a Madona with the sensibility of a Magdalen; and the pensive uplifted eye, with the tear that glittered on her Cheek confirmed the expreſsion of the Character. — the last strain of Music now died in the Air, for the Gondola was far upon the Waves and the Party was determined to have Music of their own. — the Count Morano who sat next to Emily, and who had been observing her for sometime in silence, snatched up a Lute, and struck the Chords with the finger of Harmony herself, while his Voice (a fine Tenor) accompanied them in a Rondeau full of tender sadneſs, and with full powers of Expreſsion, the Count sung the following

RONDEAU.



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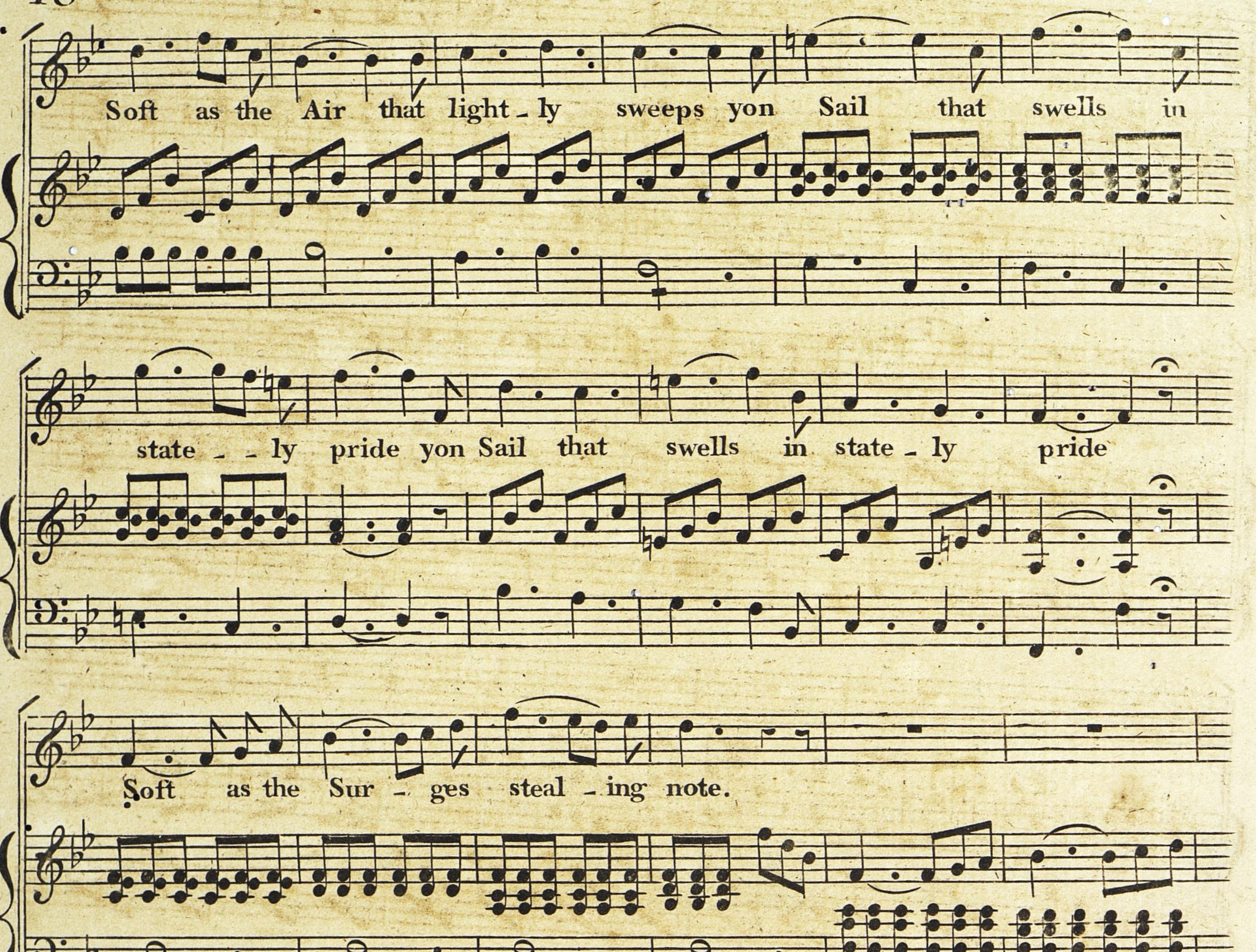
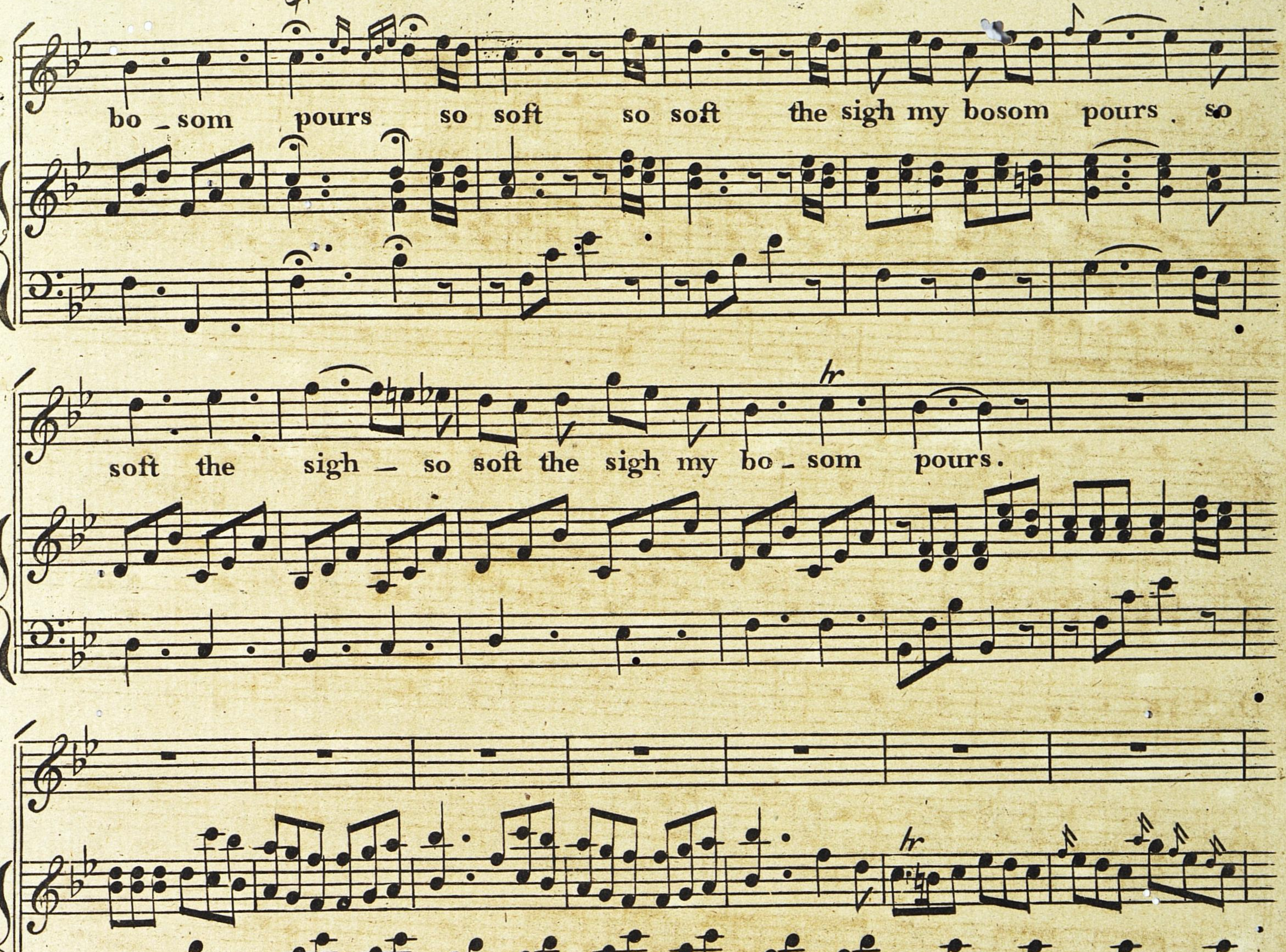
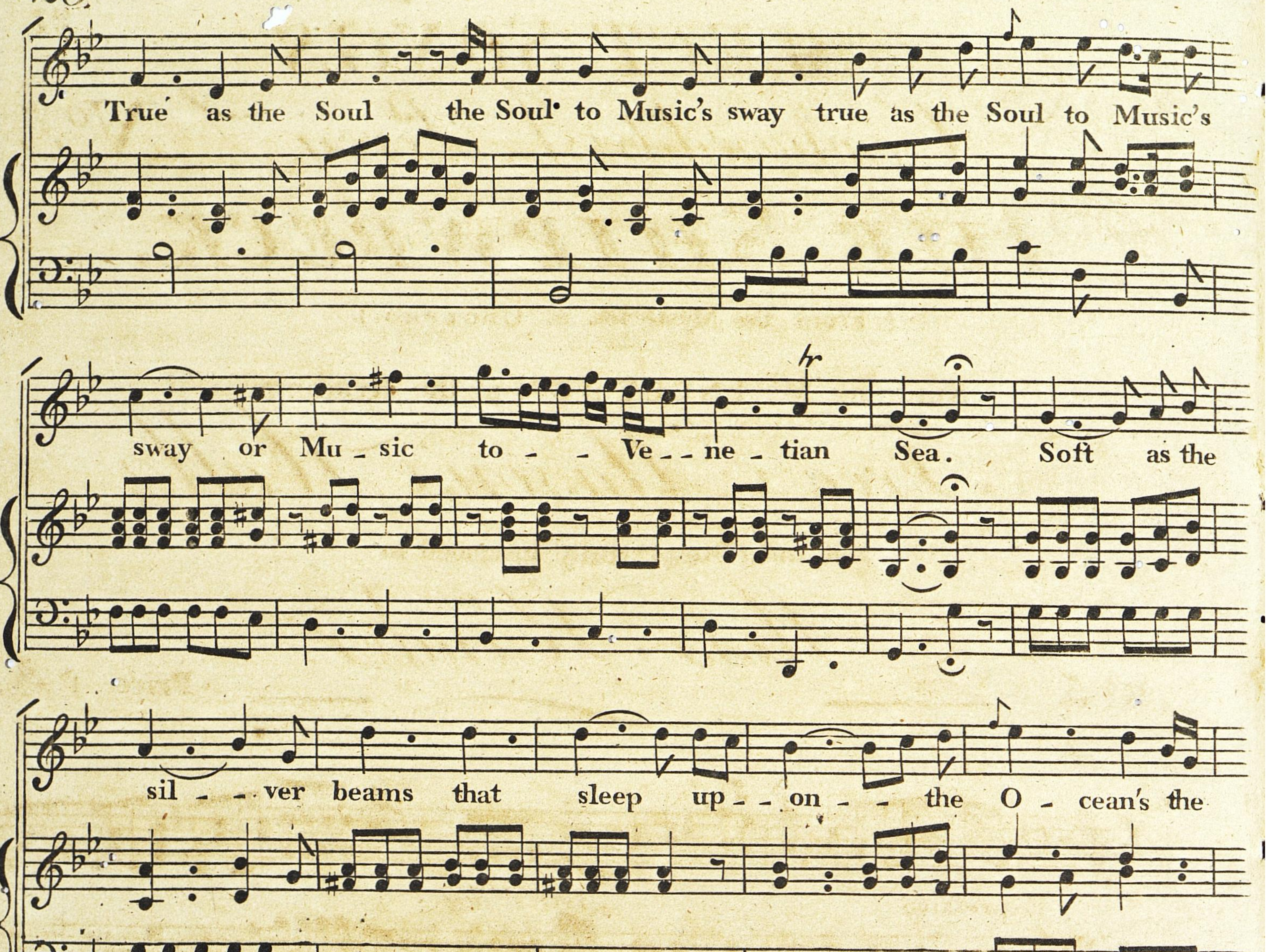
(N° 4) J. Percy


Soft as the Air that light_ly sweeps yon Sail that swells in
state__ly pride yon Sail that swells in state_ly pride
Soft as the Sur_ges steal_ing note.
tr
that dies a_long the dis__tant Shore or
pia.
war__bled Strain that sinks re_mote, so soft the Sigh my
3


bo_som pours so soft so soft the sigh my bosom pours, so
soft the sigh _ so soft the sigh my bo_som pours.
True as the wave to Cyn_thia's ray,
True as the Ves_sel to the breeze


True as the Soul the Soul to Music's sway true as the Soul to Music's
sway or Mu_sic to - - Ve_ _ne_tian Sea. Soft as the
sil_ _ver beams that sleep up_ _on_ _ the O_cean's the
Ocean's trembling breast So soft so true fond love shall weep so soft so
true with thee shall rest with thee shall rest.
Da Capo